★ INSIDE: THE FESTIVAL RAGES ON ★

# SELECT

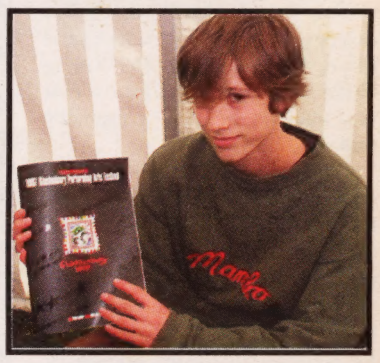
THE GLASTONBURY DAILY

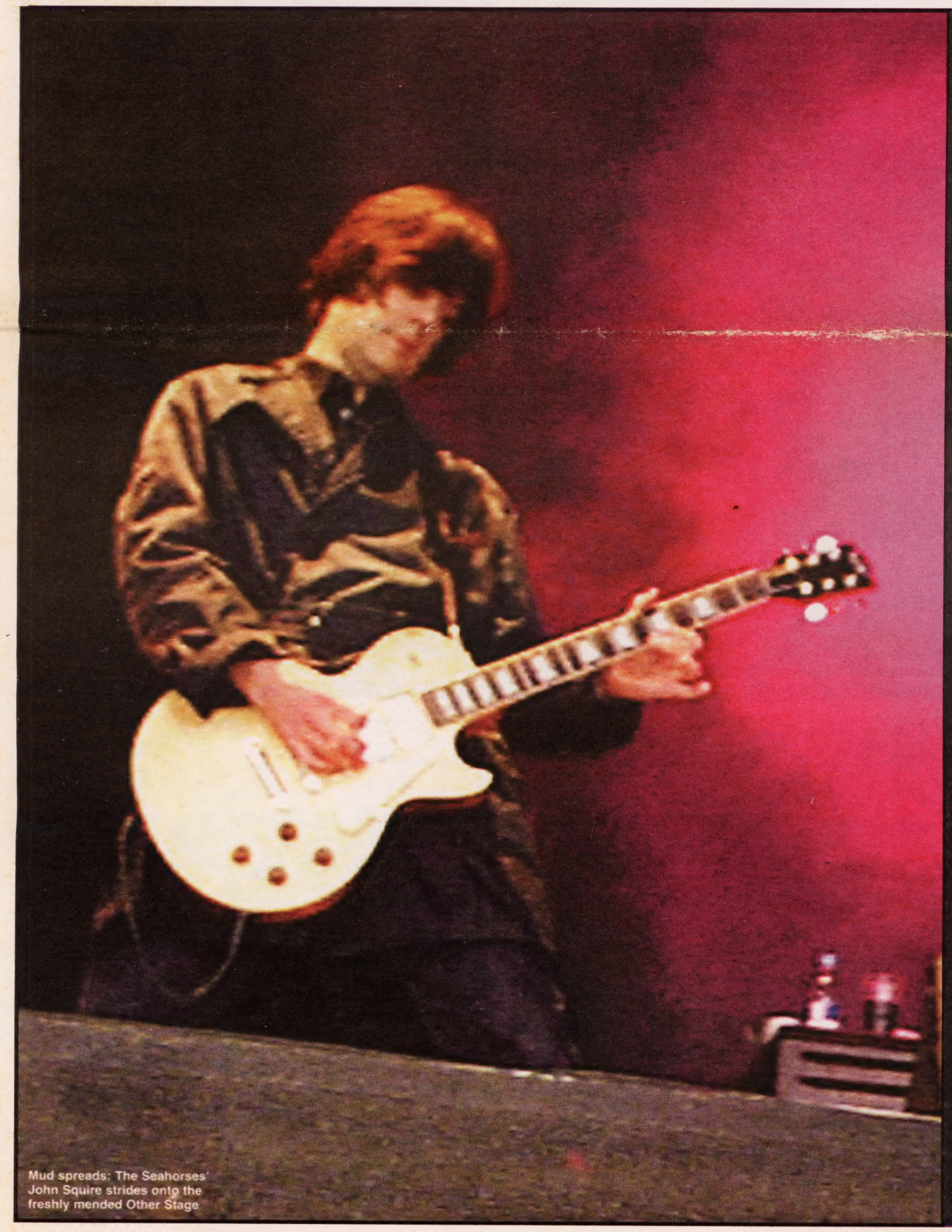
# IT'S GETTING BETTER MANI

Meet Glastonbury's most chuffed punter – 15-year-old Mani Floyd. He's the winner of *Select*'s competition to design the official festival T-shirt, earning himself three Glastonbury tickets and a grand in cash.

However, despite his good fortune, Mani (it's a Buddhist name if you think we're making it up) and his friends Ben and Finn are experiencing the same mud-logged hardship as everyone else. Not only have his and his friends tent pitches been flooded, but they're also trainer-clad victims of the Wellington Shortage.

"We'll pull through," he reckoned. "You always do, don't you?"



Mud spreads: The Seahorses' John Squire strides onto the freshly mended Other Stage

# OTHER STAGE DIVES

The weather exacted its toll on Glastonbury's music yesterday – forcing the temporary closure of The Other Stage and the consequent non-appearance of ten bands.

Moorhaven, The Family Of Free Love, Embrace, Catatonia, Kenickie, Audioweb, My Life Story, Ben Folds Five, Sneaker Pimps and The Divine Comedy were all pushed off the bill. Only Placebo, The Seahorses, Ash and Reef managing to appear.

"We're completely hacked off," Kenickie singer Lauren Laverne told *Select*. "We're just waiting to get paid and then we're off."

The hitch occurred after Mendip Council's Licensing Authority made their morning survey of the site and concluded that The Other Stage posed serious safety risks. They were unsatisfied with both the crowd barrier and muddy conditions in front of the stage – meaning that time-consuming corrective measures had to be taken.

Early in the morning it was doubtful whether the stage would be opened at all. An announcement concerning "technical difficulties" was made at 11.30, and The Seahorses – who made a 9am appearance with Mark Radcliffe's spoof band The Shirehorses – briefly prepared for a quick exit.

By lunchtime, however, the organisers had settled on a heavily-delayed opening, leaving The Pyramid Stage to take the slack. Meanwhile, Thursday's problems continued, but were aided by the provision of free tents from Oxfam and round-the-clock welfare provision.

● *Reviews of those who survived, pages 2 and 3; who'll hopefully be playing tomorrow page 4*

# I'LL GET ME RAINCOAT

## ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

**Pyramid Stage**

History is repeating itself. The last time Echo And The Bunnymen played here was 1985. Much to everyone's horror, it rained for three days solid and a river of mud ran like the Mississippi through the centre of the site (to cap it all, Paul Weller saw fit to play a giggle-strewn version of 'Long Hot Summer'). But as a passionate Ian McCulloch sang the opening lines to 'The Killing Moon' the rain stopped for the first time that weekend – or probably that year.

Now, 12 years later, they've reformed, they're playing 'The Killing Moon' again and the sun has just come out. Thirty-year-olds are crying at the sight.

Of course, age has weathered them: Ian McCulloch's hair has lost its spikiness and the jaw of guitarist Will Sergeant has grown strangely in the intervening years. But the Bunnymen's dark raincoat romanticism is perfectly intact. What with their choice of festival-relevant tracks ('Altamont' and 'Do It Clean'), a set divided equally between greatest 'hits' and tracks from their brilliant comeback album 'Evergreen' and McCulloch's dry on-stage chat – pointing to a member of the mud-spattered audience and commenting "Nice shirt" – the Bunnymen were the perfect way to deal with the gothic horror of those mud slides.

So, for a brief time, the '90s were the '80s, and Glastonbury fell under the spell of one the best resurrections in history.

ANDREW MALE

### GLASTO FACTS

**It is said that Joseph of Arimathea once bought his nephew, Jesus, to visit Glastonbury. Post-crucifixion, Joseph returned and threw the chalice Jesus used at The Last Supper into what's now called Chalice Well, located at the bottom of the Tor.**

# THE LOSER TAKES IT ALL

## BECK

**Pyramid Stage**

The mud clods lie peppered around the main stage, testament to both a standard performance by The Levellers and the fact that a poor show at Glastonbury '97 will no longer be tolerated.

Backstage, Beck is understandably wary, changing out of a plastic burgundy safari jacket into a more sensible lilac windcheater. Initially this seems like a wise move, for as the diminutive heart-throb American and his geek wrecking crew take the stage, a considerable volley of dirt hits the flooring. However, halfway into the robotic breakbeat suave of third song 'Novocaine', the sod-lobbing suddenly stops and, miraculously, everyone in the Glastonbury festival appears to be jumping up and down.

It isn't surprising – the guy is a human dynamo, throwing bizarre body-popping shapes and yelping gutteral squawks like a more manic version of Steve Martin in *The Jerk*.

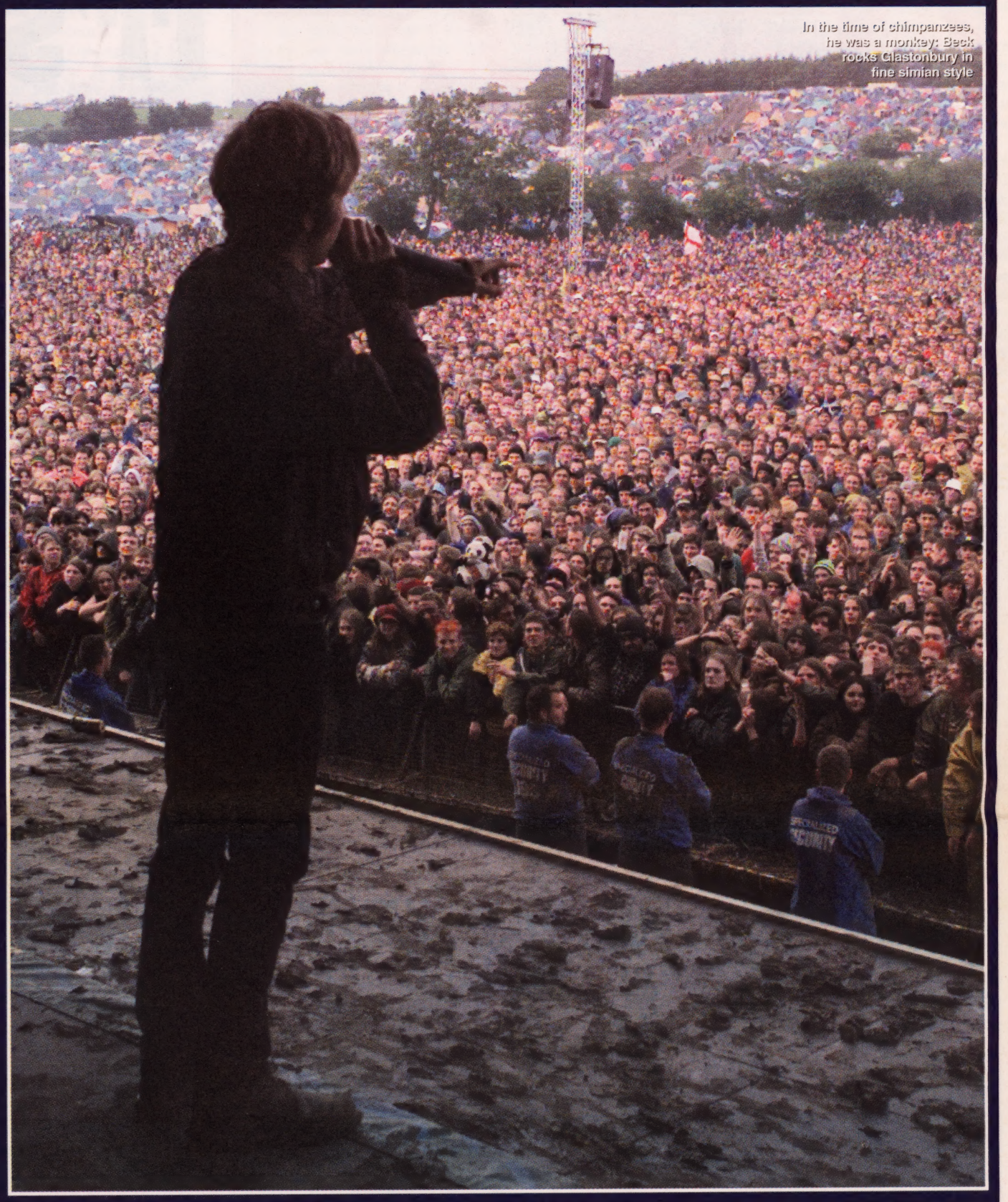
Sensing this sudden shamanic power, the young lad shifts into call-and-response hip-hop mode, yelling, "All the freaks over there! Give it up another 15 per cent". With the '60s breakbeat loungecore of 'New Pollution' and the dreamy grunge singalong of 'Loser' it seems like Beck can do no wrong, even when he tries.

Despite Beck shifting into the decidely non-festival Smokey Robinson slow-jam that is 'Debra', everyone is still going insane, causing him to break down in tears in mock emulation of a young, white James Brown. Soon the whole band are mock-weeping and Beck is slamming into the lunatic voguing of 'Sissyneck.'

This is, without doubt, proper entertainment. After a spookily slow-motion version of 'Devil's Haircut' the band exit, only to return with Mr Hansen bedecked in ludicrously impractical rhinestone cowboy attitre jumping and hollering and through the dirty party funk of 'High Five'.

Wild, filthy and downright stupid, Beck's was the perfect Glastonbury performance. And the rhinestone suit remained perfectly clean. Rare praise indeed.

ANDREW MALE



In the time of chimpanzees, he was a monkey: Beck rocks Glastonbury in fine simian style

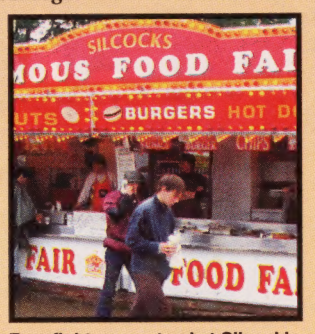
# Ian Harrisons Daily Specials

Today's festival food-evaluation quest kicks off at **The German Sausage Company** (by the Select signing tent, a truely prestige location).

This is a stall clearly purpose-built for the delights of Primal Scream soul king cobra Bobby Gillespie. Not only does the Teutonic theme agree with Bob's liking for Luftwaffe dive-bombers and Keith Moon dressing up like a Nazi, but the chances are that meaty snacks are what he needs to keep on keeping on with true belief and a-clappin' like a sea lion with motor-neurone dysfunction.

Not that this krautrock fast food is the kind of shoddily reconstituted fare you might get in a Glasgae deep-fried pizza emporium. For only £2 you get a choice of Frankfurter or "boiled pork and beef" brocwurst. Both come with the astringent Germanic mustard that is Senf. If that ain't cosmopolitan enough for you, why not try the other tubular meat product on offer – the famously Germanic foodstuff that is the Cumberland sausage?

If you want a free fight with your food, try **Silcock's Famous Food Fair.** As your *Select* food scribe blamelessly jots down a few prices, a fearsome serving lady hollers aggressively, "Oi, what are you doing? Show me what you've written. I want to see what you've written." Why such raging paranoia when the Silcock massive have clearly succeeded in their aim to become the Mr Byrite of rapid-fire food.




Fare fight gauranteed at Silcock's

For real visceral fare, try brutalist burger and chips, washed down with Irn Bru. For pudding what could be better than one of those giant sugar dummies you get on piers? Chips and gravy comes at £2, but lairy attitudes continue in the terse warning, "NO BREAD WITH THE BEANS."

All in all, the ideal foodspot for 5am when you're brought low by a gross of Norseman lager and are keen to pretend you're in Northside. Also good when you want to get chips and be treated like Roger Cook doing a report on herbal crack dealers

Soul food for a Bobby G tip

IF YOU AWAKE AFTER A NIGHT ON THE Brasso and fancy maritime fruits, the minimally titled **Fresh Fish** is the place for you.

Situated in Market J and decorated with a strikingly naive bark fish adornment, this place sells Crab Stix and Ocean Pinx complete with a modern and fashion-conscious INXS-type writing style. Otherwise you can get cockles in vats priced from £1.30 to £3.30 or "silver and best" jellied eels for £1.80 or £2.80. Yum yum.

Remember to keep eating at all times, as you must achieve critical mass by Sunday. If the cash is running thin, try looking in the bins where wastrels are sure to have thrown away half finished bowls of jerk chittlins and cous cous.

# THIS WAS DANGEROUS

Power re-starter: The Prodge scream against the odds

## PRODIGY

**Pyramid Stage**

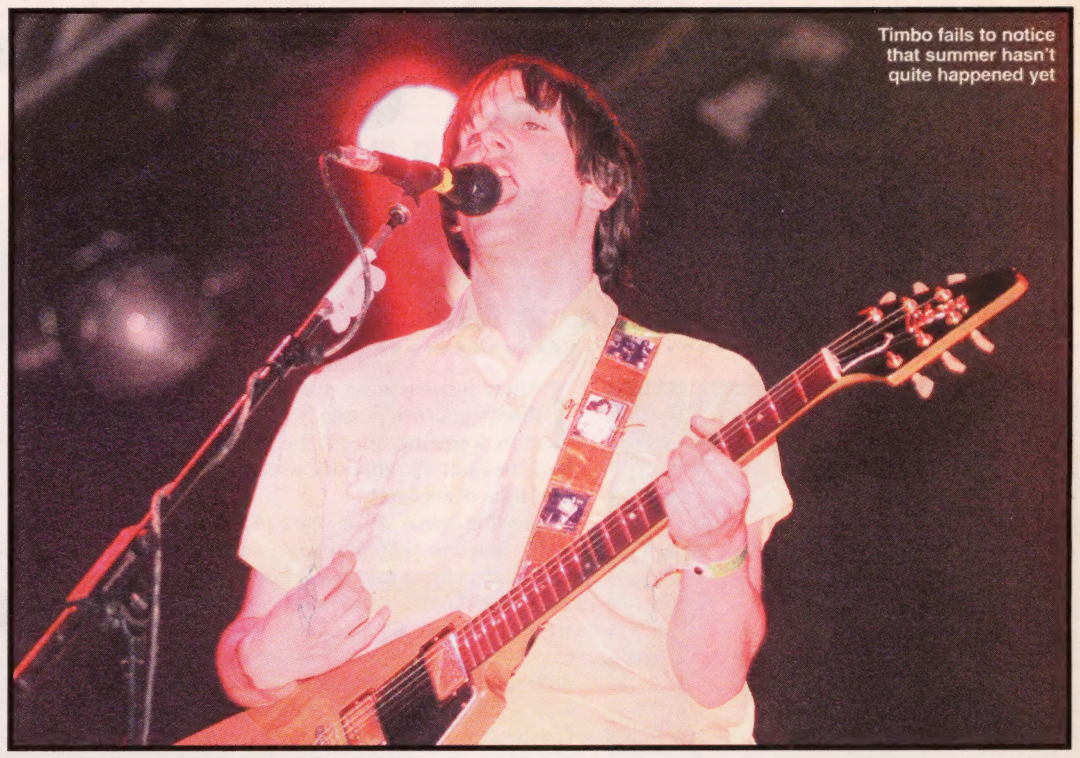
"Welcome to the best Prodigy cover band in the world – the Australian Firestarters!" So screamed Dennis Pennis, introducing The Prodigy's inevitably historic appearance. But if ever a band didn't need a comedy introduction it's the Prodge. Three-quarters of the band are comics.

To start with, poor Liam was tinkering about for several minutes to precious little acclaim. All it took was some dervish action from Keef to have everyone grinning like chimps.

Such tomfoolery was clearly what the Glastonbury massive were here for, but their set was no mere exercise in triumphalism. The wretchedly-titled opener 'Smack My Bitch Up' began as a big beat stomper, the groove mellowing to incorporate Opra Haza-style vocals.

Even a power-cut couldn't halt their progress. Back came Pennis, in a fitting homage to Country Joe And The Fish. The whole crowd got to spell out 'PRODIGY', and the band slammed into 'Breathe'. "A hurricane couldn't stop us," growled a breathless Maxim. Maybe if you were at the back you might've thought otherwise, but this was no let-down like Oasis two years ago. The Prodge were storm-force entertainment.

JOHN MULLEN



Timbo fails to notice that summer hasn't quite happened yet

# WHEELER FORTUNE!

## ASH

**The Other Stage**

Having the distinction of being the only decent band ever to make it onto the *Neighbours* jukebox, it comes as little surprise that Ash have also managed to transcend the stumbling block of the mud-suckered crowd. Consequently, the Other Stage crowd manages a hamstrung indie shuffle.

They open with a fierce 'Jack Names The Planets', and it's only seconds before you realise why you break your Sunday night 'never again' promise every year without fail. Tim Wheeler's usual whine gives way to the vocals the songs always deserved and 'Girl From Mars' may well be the best song we'll hear all weekend.

As 'Oh Yeah' floats out over the crowd, and the backlit stage lends Mark Hamilton an iconic glow, it's almost enough to make you believe that it really is "the start of the summer".

EMMA MORGAN

# SUPER SLURRY ANIMALS!

## SUPERGRASS

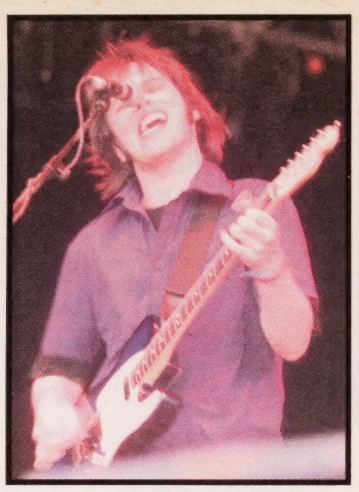
**The Pyramid Stage**

"This one's for all the freaks and weirdos," shouts Gaz Coombes, before 'Strange Ones'. "You all know who you are."

Umpteen thousand people cheer, as they behold the kind of set that makes the conditions a momentary trifle. The Grass, it becomes clear, are unmoved by the mud pools: as they breeze on in their laid-back clobber, with drummer Danny sporting Adam Ant-esque dirt stripes, it's clear that mood-elevation is in the offing. A demonically grooving 'Richard III' and the ripping Faces sway-along 'Time' get the people chanting – and 'Alright' delivers the coup de grace.

It's the festival's first song-led splashdown, and the 'Grass's show has all the good-vibery of an old-school, sun-drenched Glasto highpoint. Beck was cool, but The Oxford tea-heads showed impeccable understanding of how to make what sound like campfire strum-alongs into brilliantly joyous pop music.

IAN HARRISON



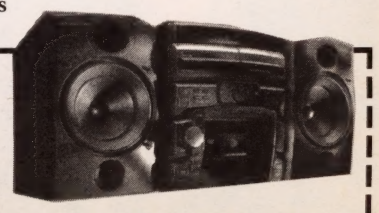
Gurning Gaz 'Grass

# DEATH ON SITE

The festival suffered a fatality yesterday. A local man, aged 41, was found dead of a suspected drug overdose by police officers.

The man's name had not been released at the time of going to press as his relations had not been notified.


**WIN! A SET OF PIONEER SPEAKERS AND A 25 CD MEGACHANGER**



Simply fill in this form and hand it into the Select stand and as soon as we've recovered, one fantastically fortunate winner will be picked out of the felt jesters hat. If you can't locate the stand then send the form to Karen Monachan, Emap Metro, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Sreet, London, W1N 7AR.

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# The Elements

**Don't take those binbags off your shoes just yet!**

Yesterday's 15°C will be dramatically beaten this afternoon, when the temperature will rise to a 'phenomenal' 16°C degrees. That's up on this morning's unsettled 13°C, too! The bad news is that there will be showers (rain not frogs) but there's a strong possibility of the sun breaking through in the afternoon. Hooray!

## NEWS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

● Boris Yeltsin's former personal bodyguard, Alexander Korzhakov, has revealed, after losing a court case for wrongful dismissal, that his charge of 11 years suffered from chronic depression resulting in a number of suicide attempts between 1990 and his heart attack in 1995. Yeltsin's unsuccessful toppage methods ranged from throwing himself head-first and – inevitably – inebriated into Moscow's river and locking himself in his sauna.

● NatWest bank are being investigated for the second time in a decade over £90 million of deliberately concealed losses. Six senior executives are now leaving, having already shared multi-million pound bonuses, safe in the knowledge that a scapegoat has already been found in the form of "rogue options trader" (sound familiar) Kyriacos Papouis, who allegedly hid his losses behind false profit reports for over two years.

● American scientists have published claims that the active chemicals in marijuana trigger the same responses as heroin, hence setting a dangerous precedent for a move to hard drugs. Separate researchers have also claimed that rushes derived by some choice folk from chocolate are the same as a cannabis high. Rumours that the Herbal High tent has sent out to the nearest newsagent for supplies are unconfirmed.

● A Dutch schoolboy who was discovered running an escort agency from his classroom has been expelled on the grounds of using a mobile phone in school. The Enschede school stands by it's non-judgmental attitude towards his enterprise, an official claiming that, "The problem would be the same if he was selling vegetables".

● As stories behind no-shows abound, the most likely comes in the form of The Divine Comedy's Neil Hannon's hopes for a British victory at Wimbledon this year. Rumour has it that his not being able to watch Tim Henman's second round match before Glastonbury has left him glued to BBC coverage until the results are known, making the Herculean trek to Pilton an impossibility for the Irish troubadour.

## SELECT SIGNING TENT UPDATE!

FOLLOWING THE success of yesterday's Select Signing Tent, situated in the heartland of Market F, Saturday's signing roster has been extended to include yet more of the same!

The new timetable reads as follows...

1pm The Wannadies
2pm Dubstar
3pm Dodgy
3.30pm Longpigs
4pm Alabama 3
5pm Reprazent Featuring Roni Size
6pm Ocean Colour Scene

# PICK OF THE DAY

## HIGH AND 'DRY'

Angst a-go-go as Thom screws up his little eyes for 'Bones'

If they just came on and played 'The Bends' and the three tracks from Pablo Honey that don't sound like five men knowing they'll be better in a year's time, Radiohead at Glastonbury would still be a ripping King God time of aceness.

Having spent three years playing to audiences who only wanted to hear one song, Radiohead have learnt how the to inject fire and stomping into their gigs the hard way. Marvel! as Thom screws his face up into a tiny, tiny knot whilst emoting 'Bones'. Gasp! as Jonny simultaneously plays guitar and keyboards, using his headstock as an extra finger. Chortle! as Ed gets really excited during 'Just' and falls off the stage – it's happened twice already, and Glastonbury could make it a hat-trick.

Of course, things are going to be even more emotionally charged than normal – Radiohead are playing songs from 'OK Computer' for the first time live in the UK. As its tone is darker, wilder and more experimental than anything else around at the moment, some have accused it of being Prog Rock: something Radiohead aren't doing their best to deny.

"We're planning to have a large, inflatable pig above the stage," bassist Colin Greenwood reveals, his tongue wedged firmly in gaunt cheek. "We're going to slowly build a wall of polystyrene bricks on the stage during the gig, and during the last number, we're going to knock it down and blame our mums for everything."

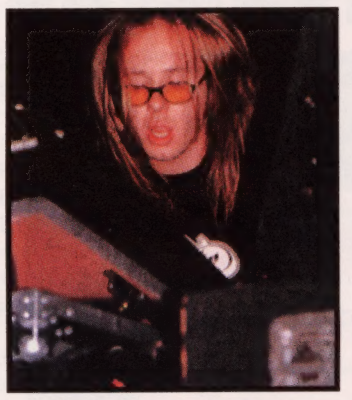
Anything more to reveal?

"Well, I can guarantee I'll be throwing up with nerves 30 seconds before we go on stage," says Thom. "I'll probably start a backstage vomit fountain. Everyone else will join in."

● *Radiohead play the Pyramid Stage today at 10.45pm*

## DIG OUT YOUR OWN HOLE

Gadding about the stage with their hair a-whistling, bashing their banks of noisy machines, the Chems have packed venues and tents across the globe whilst touring in support of their second and ace album 'Dig Your Own Hole'. However, their profile in the UK has been noticeably low-key, what with so many other nations desperate for their attentions, plus Aerosmith on the blower vying for a remix. The handful of shows the Bros have played over here, though, have been stupendously received.



Tom Chem: perfect for the outdoors

Anyone who witnessed their heaving performance at the Brighton Essential festival will bear testimony to the rolling groove of a Chemical Brothers presentation. The music intensifies and calms seamlessly, with an emphasis on the wide-load beats and *acide nouveau* squelches. Dark skies and open spaces are the perfect environment for the Chem sound, and their show promises to be one of the jig-friendly high points of Glastonbury '97.

● *The Chemical Brothers play the Other Stage at 9.50pm*

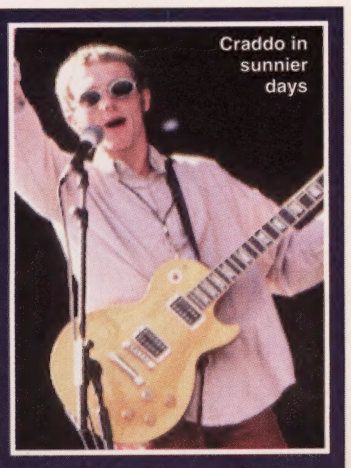
## 'SCENE STEALERS

Steve Cradock has a strange Glastonbury history. In 1992, Ocean Colour Scene's guitarist and chief motivator played the Pyramid Stage with – strangeness ahoy – Alison Moyet. In 1994 he was an integral part of Paul Weller's career-defining Glasto performance.

This year, however, he finally leads the Scene (funded, during their lean years, by his part-time jobs) into the festival's main area. The scent of vindication will doubtless hang heavy.

OCS's third album is yet to be completed, but it's due for release in September. Their Glastonbury set should feature glassfuls of fresh material – and, if current single 'Hundred Mile High City' is any kind of indicator, it'll sound utterly different to the stuff on the million-selling 'Moseley Shoals'; '...City', in fact, stands with Radiohead's 'Paranoid Android' as one of the enticingly off-beam singles of the year so far.

So, all the hits, and at least one song that sounds like Thin Lizzy jamming in the cargo hold of a late '70s space station. Ergo: perfect Glastonbury stuff.



Craddo in sunnier days

● *Ocean Colour Scene play the Pyramid Stage today at 9pm*

## TODAY I WILL MOSTLY BE DOING...

### MATTHEW PRIEST

"We've been here since yesterday and very early today we did the Dodgy Radio Show from 12 till 2 in the morning. It was good because it was a right laugh and it kept our heads together so we won't be completely wrecked for the gig.

"We've got a farmhouse up the road to stay in but we always take down a couple of Dodgy tents just in case. Last time we ended up selling them along with a few Dodgy flags to put up so people knew where their tent was. I don't envy anyone camping, especially if it pisses it down.

"We'll go down to the site about four and just hang out, taking in the atmosphere. Most of the day we'll be in disguise, trying to avoid all the media there because people just come up and grab you for interviews and things. We'd much rather spend the time out in the fields. But we can't make any plans apart from staying relatively sober on the Saturday and keeping it together for later.

"For the gig itself, we've got a very special guest on with us but I'm not allowed to say who. But after, I honestly don't know what I'm going to do or where I'm going to go. The thing is, you just get sort of caught up in it really, just follow the hordes of people. There'll be a big dilemma later on with either Radiohead or Primal Scream but I think the Scream will win the Dodgy patronage. I'm afraid Kula Shaker don't really come into the equation.

"But the festival only really starts when the music finishes. There's always that great buzz that goes around, especially when the nakedness starts. When we go to bed will depend on who's around, and how much drink's left."

● *Dodgy play the Pyramid Stage today at 7pm*

# "HONEST!"

### Glastonbury gossip, gagging on it's own guest area pass

It was a matter of incontrovertible fact that when **Phish** kicked off the festival's musical doings on the Pyramid stage yesterday at noon, nobody, but nobody, had a single decent, clean item of clothing left to wear. All we had was stuff you'd feel a bit dodgy cleaning the toilet with at home.

So when, of all the bands in this wide and wonderful world, **The Levellers** turned up onstage a couple of hours later dolled up in gear which verged on fashion-shoot levels of pristineness and couture, well, they were asking for it. "We were asking for it," confirmed amiable Jeremy Lev afterwards, "and we got it." Yes, the band were pelted with sludge throughout their set, to the point that singer Mark actually apologised for his gleaming Hawaiian shirt.

Bez and a fire: the perfect mixture

An hour later, Jeremy was swanning about backstage in a fresh set of waterproofs, fondly reminiscing about historic soilings of yesteryear.

"You should've seen L7 at Reading in 1991," he shrugged benevolently, adding, "right, I'm off to white-glove it back on the tour bus!"

An air of "we're arsed, us" positivity has pervaded the site ever since it turned into the Somme earlier this week and, stranger still, the many celebs present have at least metaphorically been diving into the poo with relish.

Still buzzing with The Dunkirk Spirit (not to mention Sainsbury's own-brand vodka), **Joe Strummer**'s festival soared to new heights on Thursday night when he cracked into a truck full of dry wood he'd collected from a local village after the Great Storm of '87. Joe's regular posse (the Bez/Cressa axis) were joined by Keith Allen and a host of revellers attracted by the non-stop airing of the 'Totally Reggae' compilation – "£1.99 from the service station, man, I'd pay 199 quid for it!" – and, of course, the Strummster's top-notch heating facilities.

"Bark is brilliant, isn't it?" he mused, as the logs crackled on heartily. "We will beat this quagmire."

Tim Ash enjoys a little inclemancy

Also mucking in beyond the call of duty yesterday were the usually flouncey **Kenickie**. Instead of drinking expensive cocktails and generally poncing about in crazy-colour wigs, Lauren and the girls were spotted helping some struggling parents with their toddler who, said the bestricken father, had been diving face-first into any available lake of slurry. The 'Nick got busy with the wet wipes and had little Sam all spick and span in no time. Aaaah...

On a more acceptably rock 'n' roll note, **The Seahorses** haven't been to bed. John Squire's mighty troubadours arrived on site at 5am Friday morning, had their bowl of Frosties with super-strong sugar coating, wandered around for a bit, got onstage with **Mark Radcliffe** and **Lard** to execute their entirely serious Shirehorses splinter project, got bassist Stuart Fletcher a pair of bin bags to wear as trousers, wandered around quite a bit more before their appointment on the Other Stage and then jetted off, still absolutely kipless, for Nagoya in Japan.

Pausing only to note that **Mark Gardener** out of Ride, **The Verve**'s Nick McCabe and (we're almost certain) **Goldie Hawn** are also wading around the site as we speak, we'll ruminate on our failure to bring that pea-green pac-a-mac we got on our wet weekend in Whitstable and bid a leaky adieu till tomorrow.

### GLASTO FACTO

**Beside Glastonbury Tor there lies Chalice Hill, held by many to be the burial site of the Holy Grail which signifies the human quest for spiritual understanding.**

HMV

# handsupifyou wanttosaveapound

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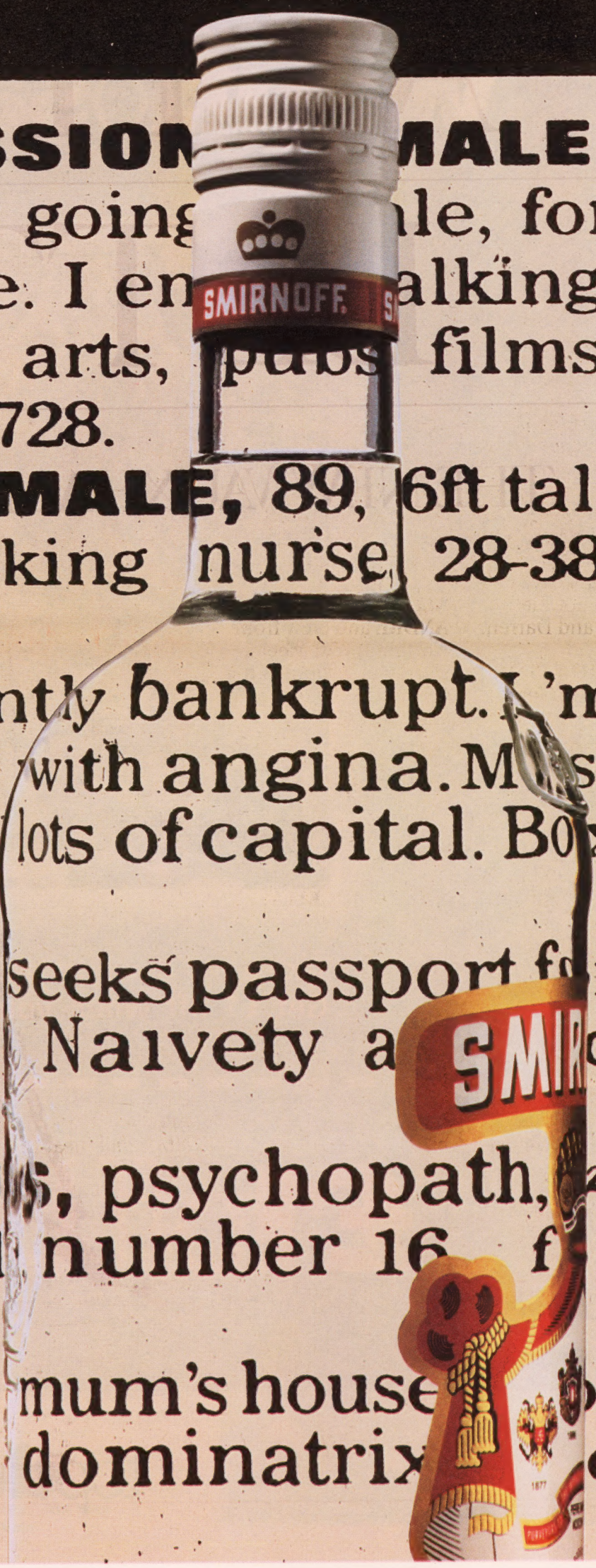
**YOUNG ATHLETIC MALE,** 89, 6ft tall svelte and n/s, is seeking nurse 28-38. Contact Box 1730.

**MAN 38,** gsoh, recently bankrupt. I'm seeking mature lady with angina. Must possess vitality; and lots of capital. Box 1731 for details.

**POLISH LADY 32,** seeks passport for lasting relationship. Naivety a d essential. Box 1735.

**BUBBLY VIVACIOU** , psychopath, 4 slim, seeks husband number 16 r fun. Box 1738.

**MALE 42,** lives in mum's house t seeking a sensitive dominatrix o tie the knot. Box 1739.



# SELECT MAGAZINE Messages

## Find lost souls, seek a life partner or simply express your confused state. All is possible in the daily message centre...

**THE MUD SUCKS** and if it wasn't so funny I'd cry. I love you Darren, from Princess Bethan of Swansea.

**MATTHEW, KAREN and DOM**, see you here again 2pm-3pm. We've camped right above last time to the right of the stone circle almost at the perimeter fence, near tree. Karen.

**SATURDAY 2PM, BEN JONES:** can you meet Sam King by the backstage entrance to the Pyramid Stage. Cheers petal.

**JONI, RAYMOND, JAKE and MANDY**, where are you, hunnies? Come to our tent later. Leave us a note if we're not there. Love, Sarah and Darren.

**HELP, MY BUTT IS ON FIRE**. Thank you for your time. I love you Beth, from Darren.

**DAN and ADAM**, enjoying the mud? It's a bit different from the weather at Chelmsford, huh? Hope you're having a nice time, Liz and Nat.

**FROM ALL AT THE DOLPHIN HOUSE**, Fairhall, Leyton. Good luck!

**ROZZA, CLAZ, GAZ, STU, SI, DAN**. Hiya, you Gurt Spooners! Bet U didn't think you'd get your name in the paper. Luv Al and Mich.

**PAM** Scrifennu neb graffiti yny gymraeg rwan?

**DELLA**, if you're out there, meet you at the stone circle, Saturday, 11am. Mad.

**JOSIE, STEPH, LEE, HELEN, JANE, KAREN, GEMMA**, where the fuck are you? Meet us by the cinema at 3pm near the lock-up area, or the main meeting place at 6pm and 8pm. Gary, Alex and Jo.

**NAZ**, meet me at the meeting place, 4pm Saturday, Ben.

**ANYONE WHO KNOWS MIM OR JO, FROM FARNHAM**, phone us on the mobile or leave a message.

**ELLA and CO**, Lainey said to say 'hi' if I saw you, so here is a 'hi' anyway. Love the mud, Jayne.

**TO THE WANKERS THAT STOLE MY MONEY AND GEAR**, if I ever find you you're fuckin' dead. Gav.

**ALI, HAYLEY, TIM, ANDRE** and crew from Northampton. Meet Darren at 1.30pm at the Oxfam tent by the main stage please.

**LUCY MAY**, It's Cathi, I'm here! See you on Sunday morning 10-ish in the stone circle? Have a wicked one!

**NICOLA BUCKLEY**, meet Laura at the meeting point at 1pm or 6pm on Saturday. Love ya, Laura.

**SARAH WALTON**, hope the red flares (and risa) are okay, see you in August. Jenny and Candice.

**TO MISS MONEYPENNY**, nice horns. From ?

**DAN JACKSON**, I came to meet you here at 11am, Friday. I could meet you at 12pm on Saturday at the info kiosk near the Pyramid stage. Lucy.

**TO MY BUNNY (TRACY)**, Happy 1st Festival. I love you, honey, from your kitten (Rachie).

**MATH, BOBBSIE and GIBBO**, 'avin a lovely time, me darlings, got some wellies and sheepskins. Haven't seen Doris lately, maybe she's in Tahiti. Neechy Perochas Splinter.

**HELEN, RICH, KIRSTY and EMMA**, having fun in the mud up to our ankles. Look for you at Radiohead. Off to wallow in the mud, C and V and J.

**JULIE and SIMON**, meet us Saturday afternoon at the King's table.

**SARA and PHIL**, sorry I missed you. I'll be by the NME stall (near the other stage) 12pm, Saturday. Otherwise, don't worry. Thanks, Robbie.

**SARAH MAXWELL**, sorry about yesterday. Hope you're okay. We're near Gate Two. Love, cousin Jen.

**MEL HEYWOOD**, where art thou? We tried waiting for ages! Please leave a message if you are still here. Damien and Teresa.

**JACK AND TABS**. Meet us at the Herbal High Company behind the Dance Tent on Saturday at two, then six, or Sunday at the same times. Sarah and Dan.

**ANDY (MONKFISH)**, waited for you yesterday, no joy. If you are here now, meet you here at 5.30pm. Mike.

### Message Of The Day

DANNY and KERI need your words! Any thoughts and poems, in fact anything that you can fully conceptualise about this new Glasto environment is needed for their new fanzine MUD FEVER! Any material can be left at the Select tent.

**GET TO BED!** Hello from the Silver 6!

**NUTRASWEET LADS** say 'hi'!

**EMMA SUTCLIFFE**, lost you, I'm sorry. Meet me by the Pyramid stage 8pm Saturday for Radiohead.

**TIM STILLWELL**, Michael Noah will meet you outside the Samaritans tent (not the Green Field) at 1pm on Saturday.

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY, NICK**, have a really fun muddy day. Lots of love, Angie Pie.

**DAN ROGERS** – MJ12 know! Meet at Ciderbus, Sunday 12pm for update, Mike.

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JO**, with love the O-P Connection.

**KATH** – so sorry! Where are you? Dunc and Sam, have a good Glast! Love, Sasha & Anine.

**SHUVELL BROWN**, missing you. See you soon, lots of love Spannah Mitchell.

**KIM FROM MARKET WESTON, DISS**. Hi, it's Richard from Nottingham – I'm at Glasto as well! Fancy meeting up to discuss the brilliance of the new Radiohead album? Leave me a message at the Select tent!

**MICHAEL KERSHAW**, meet you Saturday, 12pm at Select tent, Clare.

**LN**. Orange tent, Bath FC flag, in the field opposite the Pyramid stage. Simon and co.

**RAMSAY,** you're a pansy!

**HI, FINN,** are you here yet? If you are, I'm in the Greenpeace field, a shop called Highlights. From Remi.

**SETH CORNWALL**, I'm having a lush time here with you. Hopefully we can share a tent together next year. I love you, Spannah.

**HEY, JUDE**, sorry I missed you, Mike.

**SEAN, PAUL, RUSS, LEE, STEPH and KATE**, where are you? Please leave message by info-point, next to Pyramid stage or in Select tent. Cheers, Vince.

**WILDMAN**, see you under the stars, Bev.

**SIOBHAN**, hope you're having a nice time with the mods! Bek, Span, Seth, Sarah, Acey, Zoe.

**BARRY, MARK and JO**, see you at the Acoustic Stage, Saturday night at 6pm.

**RACHEL** and her brother. Meet me at the Future Green Field camp site, tomorrow at 10am.

**DEN and ZOE**, see you at the play area, every even hour as planned. Love Manda and Spam.

**RYAN THOMAS**. Thanks for buggering off on Thursday. See you Monday? Claire and Emma.

**GUY and TINA** from up north, where are you? Leave a message at the Select tent.

**DEAR SPAN**, you are the most gorgeous person in the world, love Seth.

**EMMA KOBLIZEK and FRIENDS**, are you here yet? We'll be at the main meeting point at 12pm every day. Come and find us, love Sam, Clare and Ben.

**JAMES, VICKI and GAIL** (Bob and Jane's daughter) are here and wanna meet people. We'll be there for the Symposium signing, please be here. How's Charlotte? Vicki.

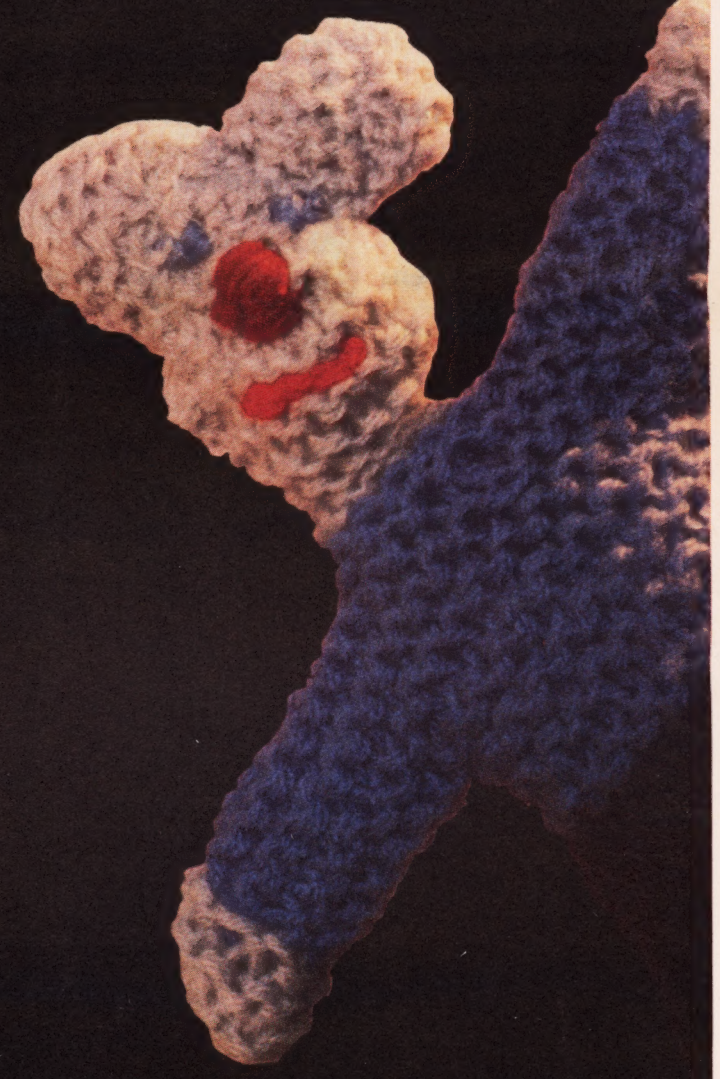
**HELLO, DAVEY G**. Hope you're having as much fun as we are. Might see you around? Love Vicki, Janine and Catherine.

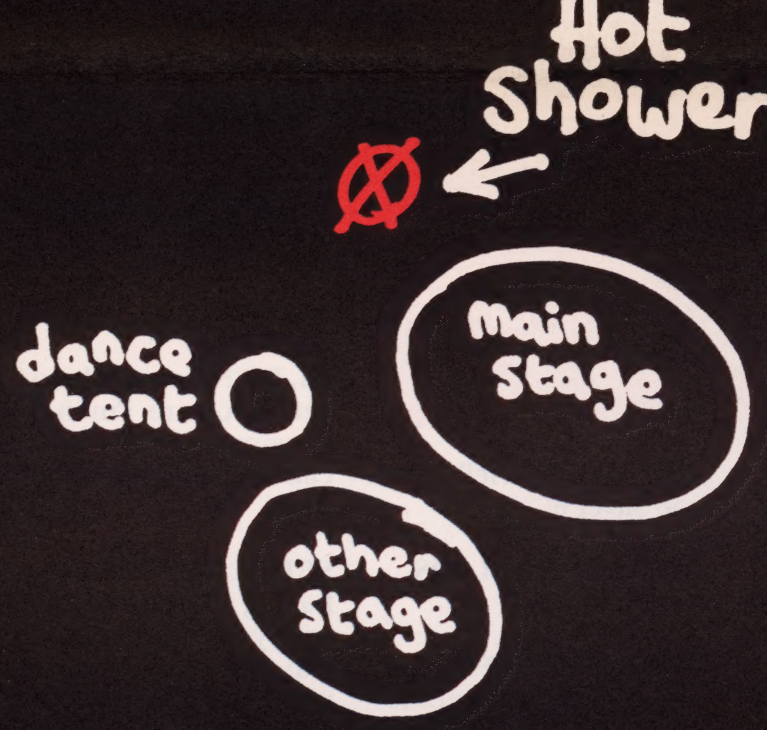
**TIM P** – We will be here at 6pm and 8pm every day. Leo T.

**EMMA PEEL**, meet me at Family Diner (near the Other Stage) on Saturday at 3pm, Neil.

**3 MAD MANC MADFRIT BABES** – Anna, Suzi and Joey. I went for a swim today and it was fun!

To the girls I met at Tribal –
looking forward to seeing you in the showers...



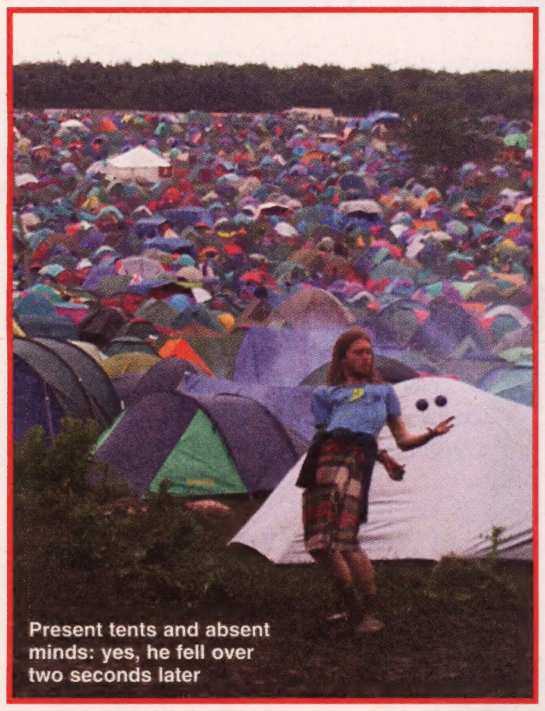



Free hot showers supplied by Radio One at Glastonbury. Bring your own soap.

BBC RADIO ONE 97-99 FM

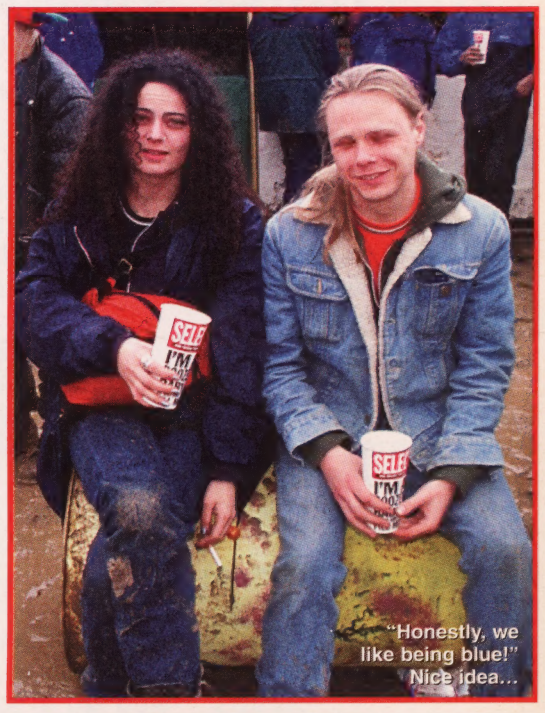
# WHERE WERE YOU WHILE YOU WERE GETTING HIGH?

**Every picture tells a story. Like, mud ain't so bad after all. It might even win you something.**



Present tents and absent minds: yes, he fell over two seconds later

The full tongue sandwich experience with a side order of slime. Yum!

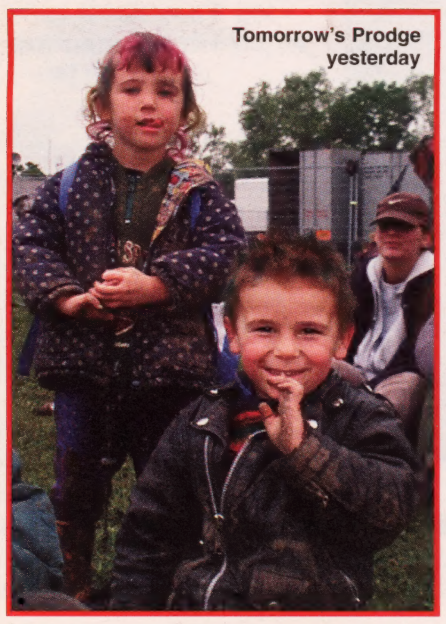


"Honestly, we like being blue!" Nice idea...

Here's mud in your eye, pal!

## FACE IN THE CROWD

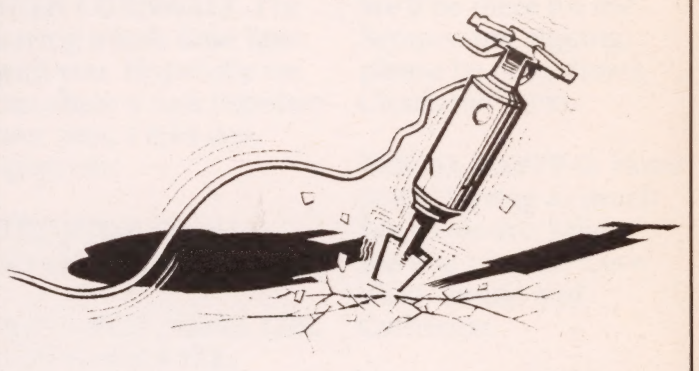
**Is this you, caught yesterday by a *Select* camera? If it is, bring a copy of the *Select Daily* to the *Select* stall – on the pathway between the two main stages, in market area 'F'. Besides, matey, it looks like you need some cheering up, unlike the twat to your left in the purple hat.**



Tomorrow's Prodge yesterday

100 per cent waterproof: jugglers with no balls

About to be a very rich man




UP LIFTING

INDIGO: ENERGY REFRESHMENT

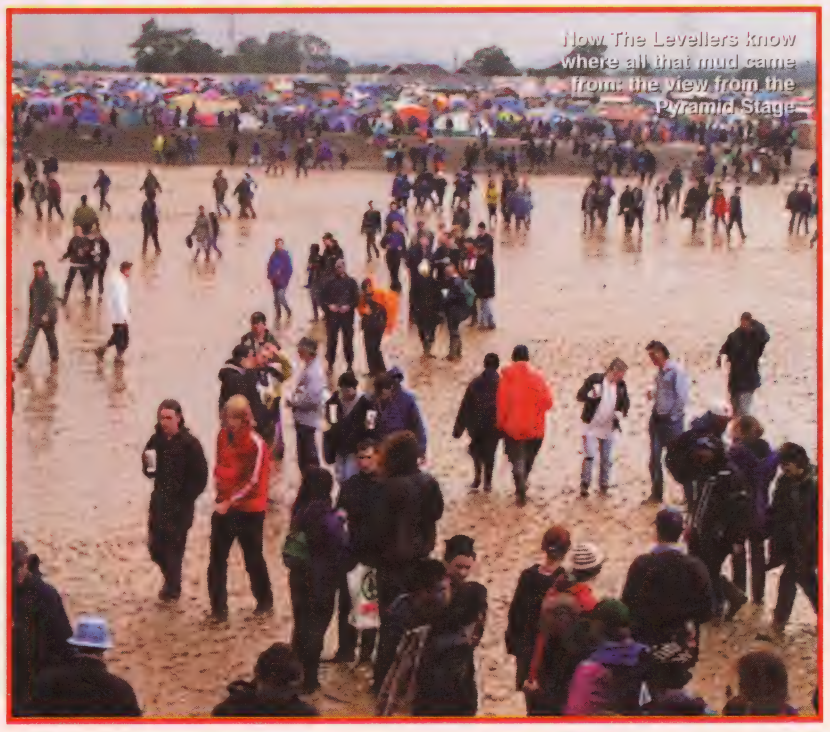
# NOW AVAILABLE NOT HERE

**V2 is only available backstage. Sorry.**

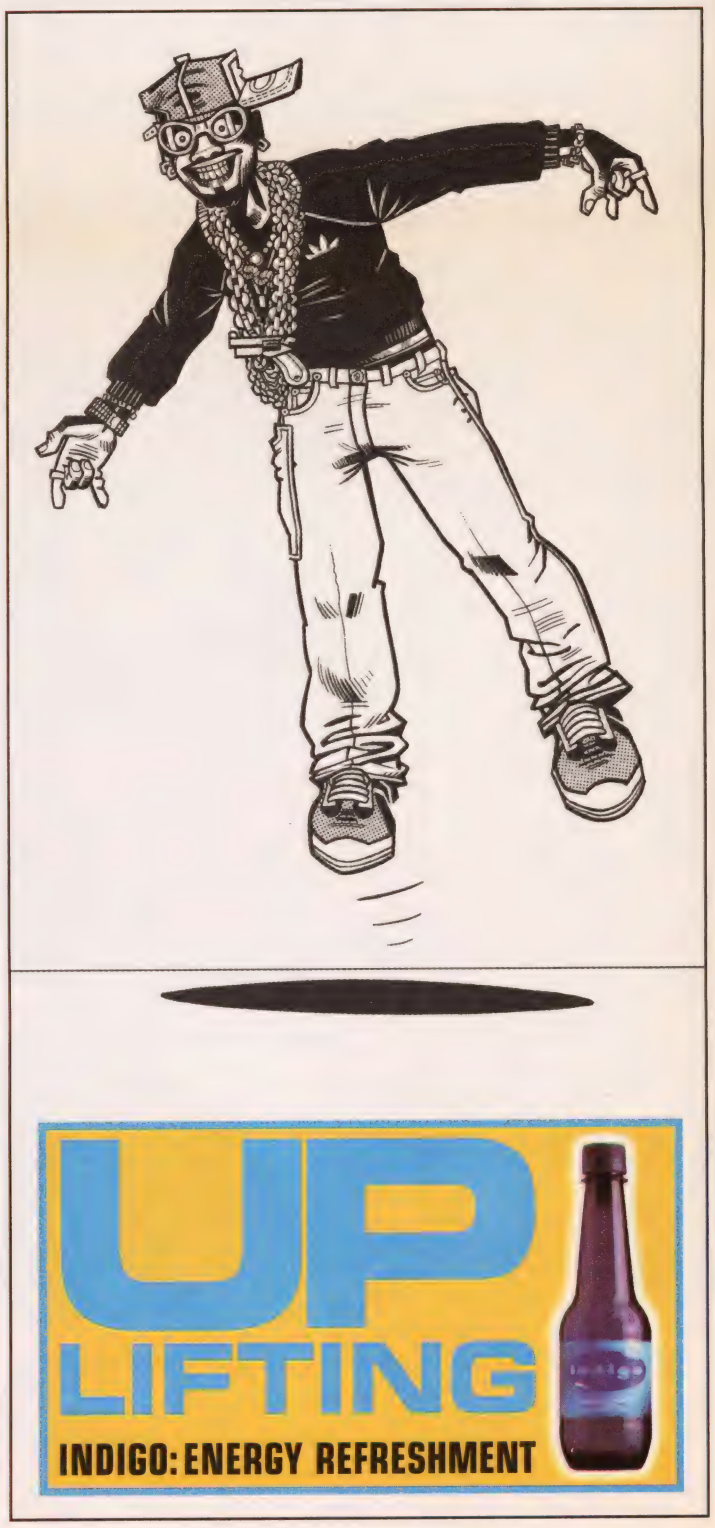
Taste this, it's lovely: low budget gastronomic fun in the area!

One day you'll look back on this fondly, sonny

"Look, I'm in charge, I don't have to do anything"



How The Levellers know where all that mud came from: the view from the Pyramid Stage



ROY WILKINSON & IAN HARRISON RECKON

# The Truth Is Out There

**Select Daily's nightly prowl around the outer limits is powered by Red**

Night falls on Thursday 26 June. Glastonbury is gamely facing up to the worst weather conditions since the Great Biblical Flood that swept away the unrighteous. But as ever, those on the farthest reaches of the site see it as their duty to maintain the time-honoured festival-traditions fought for by our spiritual antecedents, by walking around all night looking for neat stuff to vibe off.

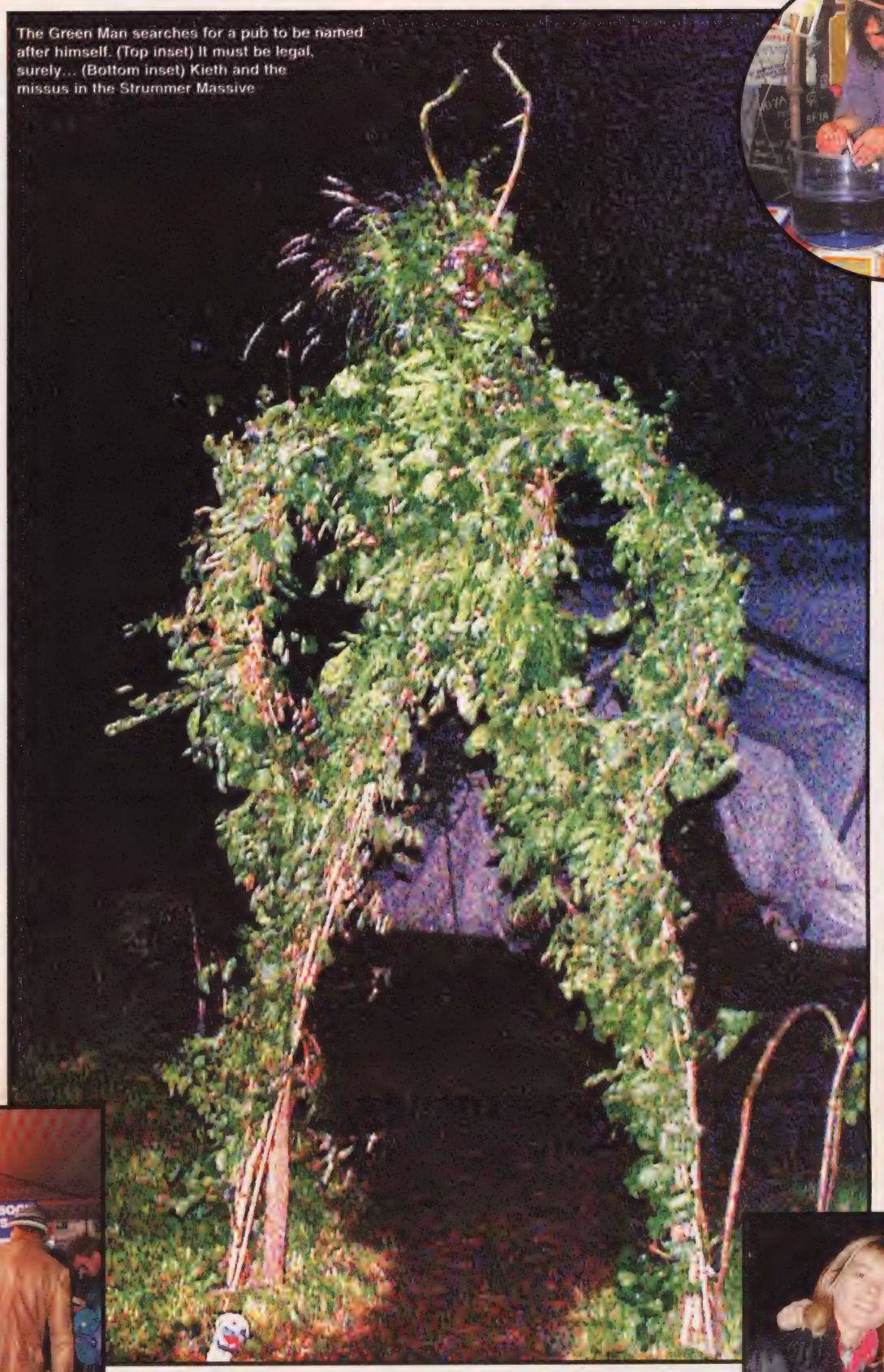
Sustained by a large Australian Steak Sandwich and a flagon of Hot Spicy Cider, the *Select* News-Gathering Massive join everyone easing themselves into the joyous swamp and set off up the mindwarp supahighway to The Green Fields.

Pausing in the Green Roadshow, we pass a mellow ambient cafe tent and hear two newly-arrived mud-scholars pausing in befuddlement. "Let's go in there – they're playing dub!" suggests one. "Nah," says his fellow, "that's not dub, that's The Orb." Instead, we tail them over to the amusingly-named Croissant-Neuf scran and drinks complex. Hosting a Thursday night jam session with a feisty R&B combo blowing hot, the people's lust for boogie is so strong that entrance is impossible. The two guys stay squelching in the entrance, having found their spot.

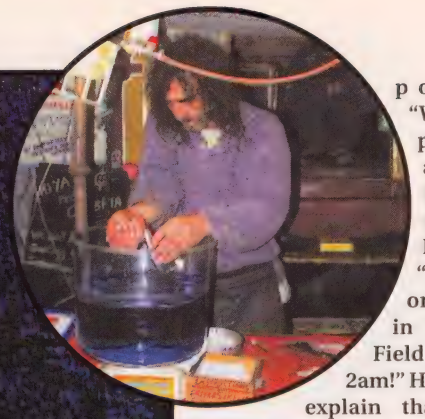
Trudging on up a tributary of The Green Field, the straight-named Book Shop plays a light conscious dub soundtrack to indecisive bibliophiles. It's a genteel, muted affair where you can pick up reading by Roy Hattersley and Nick Cave, myriad religious works and ultra-violent comics.

An irie book-buyer who gives his name as Dewsy Gasper has scored a Gunter Grass and *The Unskilled Farm Labourer 1760-1832* for a cool £2.50 apiece. "I got told The Jazz Stage had sunk," he smiles and pats his purchases. "That's the kind of vibe I came for, so I just fancied sitting in a coffee tent and getting some reading in instead."

A firework lands close by, and an arm-linked trio of past-caring campers strut by chanting the Father Jack mantra "Feck, girls, arse!" But we don't care – hard by is another place of beatific repose; the Homeopathic Tent. Inside, the neatly-kept lawn and the brace of black-clad Russian adepts throwing serene Tai Chi moves bears no resemblance to the bedlam without. Jack and Marcus, the two main heads behind this operation, are unfussed by their relatively uncrowded portals. "When more people arrive we'll be busier," says Marcus. "We're the only nutters in The Green Field open till 2am!" He goes on to explain that in wet conditions the stricken punter is likely to need homeopathic succour for colds, rheumatics and stomach upsets. "Or people with hangovers," adds Jack. "But, overall, a bit of cold isn't bad for your immune system."



The Green Man searches for a pub to be named after himself. (Top inset) It must be legal, surely... (Bottom inset) Kieth and the missus in the Strummer Massive



Book worms come out in the wet and muddy conditions

Having proved once more that rain, mud and tears are no hurdle to nocturnal roaming of the first water, the *Select Outer Limits* reportage team split back tent-wards. But fortune strikes when a voice from a campfire invites all-comers to set down a spell and get some warmth. That man is Joe Strummer, who's set up Camp Manc with Bez from the Happy Mondays and Cressa from the Stone Roses. Joe rhapsodises over his mighty campfire.

"Bark is wicked!" he exclaims, adding some fine Kentucky sippin' bourbon to the flames. "And you can tell where wood comes from by it's smell if you know how to do it."

Grooving, sat down to a fine tape of late-'60s reggae, Bez admits that he doesn't relish the thought of charity footer matches when there's still all that Glasto outside. "So what if the mire's up to your waist, man?"

"If I had a can of spray paint I'd spray 'Byron Flitch' on that van!" adds Joe, indicating his brooding buddy Keith Allen, who plays the character in the TV drama *Born To Run*.

Suitably chuffed, we admit defeat and mosey back through the midden. Be sure to check in tomorrow for the last round of crazy-ass communiques from the far-flung furlongs of Glastonbury 1997. Be sure it will yield tackle that is mega. Until tomorrow – Manana.

# Cigarettes And Alcopops

## A consumer's guide to Glastonbury

It's mid-festival mire psychosis with everyone seeking out the requisite slurry-resistants. But decent accessories shouldn't be ignored and these outlets are just the places to complete the desired bacchanal look.

**SPELLBOUND AIRBRUSHING** *(Market J)*
The bland nature of most stormwear can always be improved by a little airbrushing and Spellbound have all the gear and expertise to do it. With 'Ravin Hard Hats' a mere £6 with slogans ranging from the self-explanatory – Beer Monster to the concise – Bollocks – and fine ultra-gordy T-shirts starting at £8, everything for the airbrush devotee is here.
Herp, the man doing 'live' art at the front of the tent, is willing to spray any design you wish to have emblazoned on any item of clothing and will even spray your face for a couple of quid.

Now all you need are some dry matches

Business has been "brisk" with most requesting huge loud arrangements on the backs of coats to improve their chances of meeting with comrades. And if you're short of a large goth banner depicting a sullen Brandon Lee then you should look no further. Extra large '70s art techniques on the upsurge.

**IKCLE MINX FIREWOOD & FLOTSAM** *(Market J)*
If large sheets with an ominous 'DISPERSE OR WE FIRE' legend printed on appeal to your macabre nature, then let Joe Lou Jones from Newtown, Wales supply you. As well as a vast array of army surplus jackets and trousers ("Para boots sold out – sorry") there's a collection of hand-painted recycled glassware and ceramics to brighten up the drab tent interior.

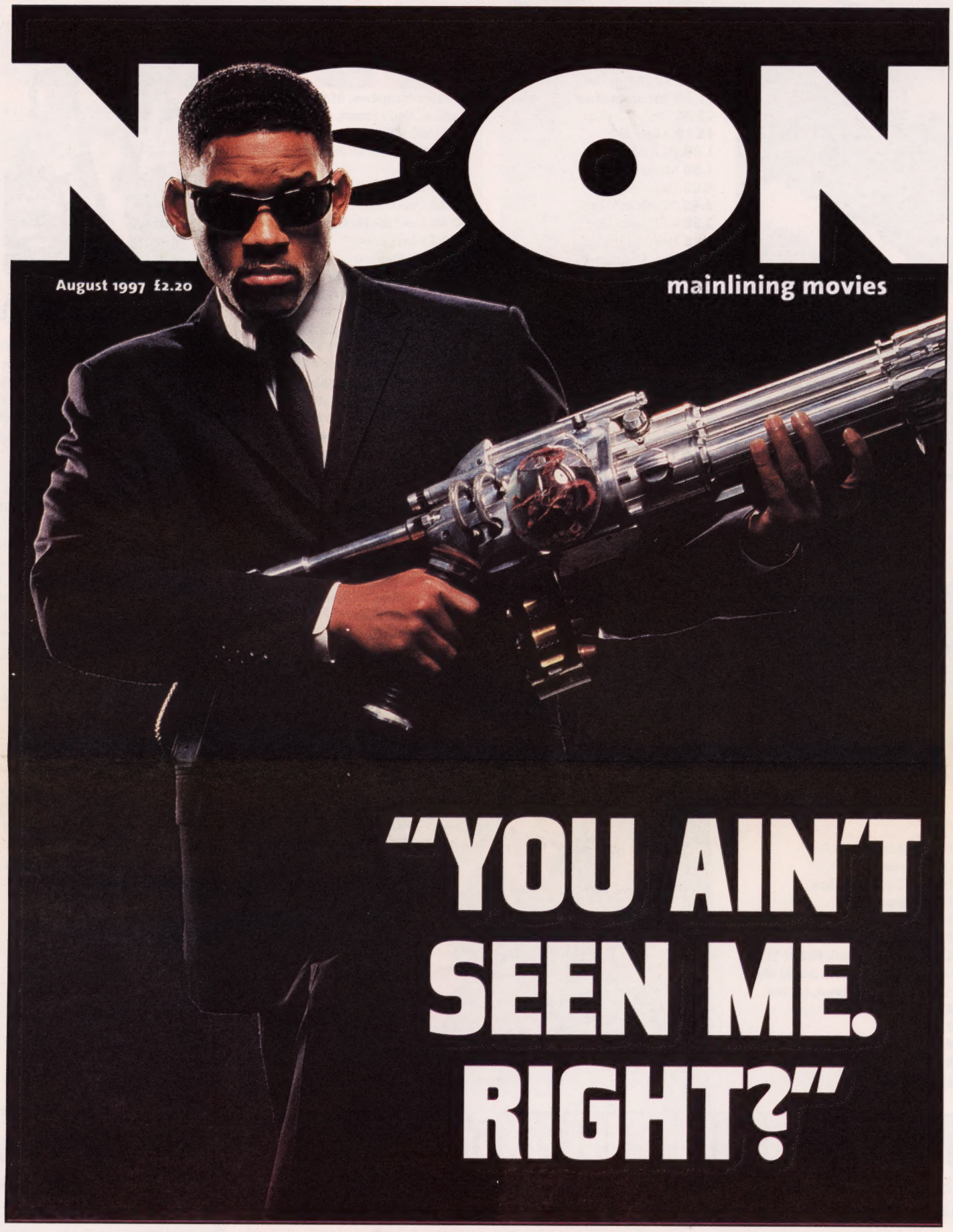
But their biggest trade comes from the sale of large bags of firewood for £3.50 each. The Jones family have owned their own wood since 1953 and built their stall from scratch using only offcuts. Unfortunately, a historical photo-story exhibition of their work was taken down yesterday, but Joe will be happy to fill you in on their treework as she sells those all-important thick socks in fine "jazzy colours".

As Napoleon once said, "It may be rubbish weather but that don't mean you have to forget your style." Take heed.

**SAM UPTON**

Ahh, true style never goes out of fashion...

# On sale July 15

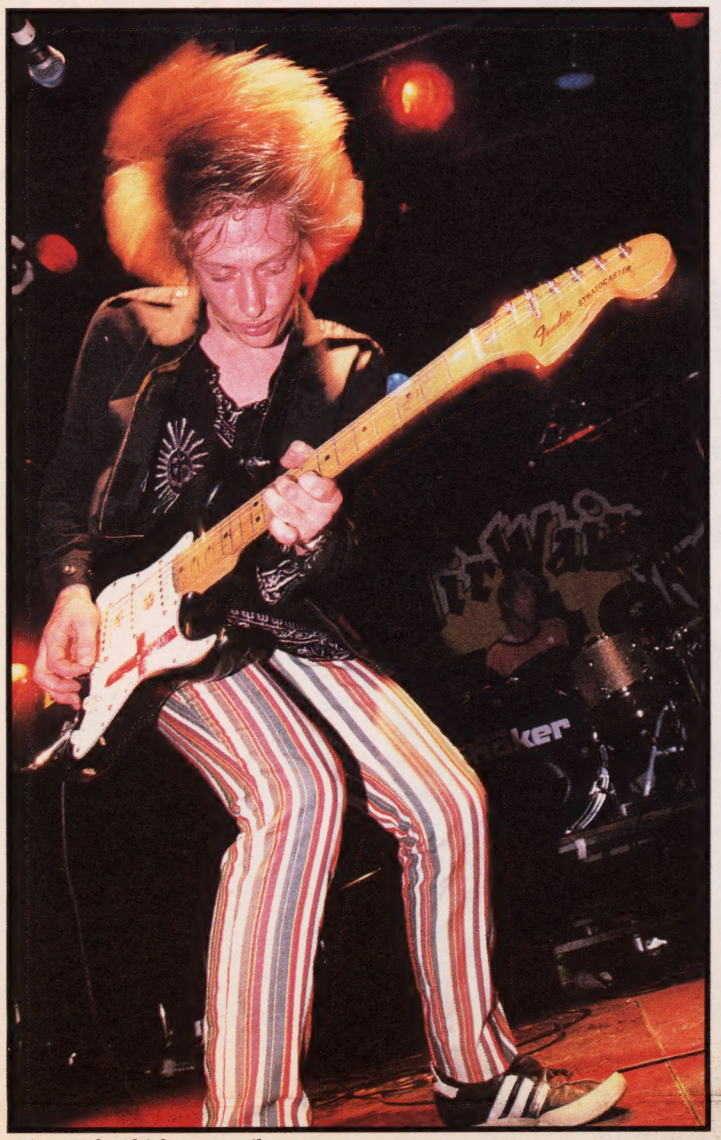



**This month in Neon: Will Smith and the full story of Men In Black. Plus Linda Fiorentino, The Lost World and a pair of convicted felons explaining why movie heists always go wrong**

# NEON

**The movie magazine that couldn't give a toss where they keep their Oscars**

# HOLD ON TO YOUR NECESSARIES IT'S A LISTINGS FRENZY



Crispy Kula: chicken swastika to go

## SATURDAY 28 JUNE

### THE OTHER STAGE

**10.30** Scarfo
**11.20** Jonathan Fire*eater
**12.05** The Dharmas
**12.50** Silver Sun
**1.40** Dub War
**2.45 60ft Dolls**
**3.45 Geneva**
**4.50** G Love & Special Sauce
**5.55 Stereolab**
**7.05** Dubstar
**8.20** Neneh Cherry
**9.50 The Chemical Brothers**
**11.20** Kula Shaker

### PYRAMID STAGE

**10.10** Murray Lachlan Young (poet)
**10.40** The Wannadies
**12.00 Republica**
**1.15** Longpigs
**2.45** Nancy Griffith
**3.45** Speaker: Mark Fisher MP, Minister for the Arts. A real old rhetorical roustabout, oh yes
**4.00** Ray Davies
**5.15 Cast**
**7.00 Dodgy**
**9.00 Ocean Colour Scene**
**10.45 Radiohead**

### DANCE TENT

**10.00** DJ Danny Gee
**11.15 Squarepusher**
**12.00** DJ Danny Gee
**12.15** Akarna
**1.00** DJ Danny Gee
**1.30** Moodswings
**2.00** DJ Danny Gee
**2.45 Death In Vegas**
**3.30** DJ Danny Gee
**3.45** Headrillaz
**4.30** Wall Of Sound
**6.30** System 7
**7.15 Reprazent featuring Roni Size/Full Cycle**
**9.15 Armand Van Helden**
**10.45 Primal Scream**

### JAZZ WORLD

**11.10** Nitin Sawhney
**12.40** Louise Elliott
**2.10** Cheikh Lô
**3.40** Ernest Ranglin
**5.10 The Aloof**
**6.30** Galliano
**8.00** Adam F
**9.20** Afro-Celt Sound System
**10.50** David Byrne

### ACOUSTIC STAGE

**11.45am** Flying Chaucers
**12.20pm** Cat Scratch Fever
**1.15** Ed Ball
**2.05** Andy White
**3.00** Dale Watson
**3.55** Shawn Colvin
**5.00** Luka Bloom
**6.10** Steve Harley And Cockney Rebel
**7.20** Nick Lowe
**8.40** Ray Davies: The Storyteller Show
**10.30** Billy Bragg and Friends

### CABARET MARQUEE

Cabaret compères: Malcolm Hardee, Andy Smart, Phil Nichol And Paul B Edwards.
Musical fills: Dr Midnight on harmonica
**10.30** Rhythm Wave
**11.20** Poets' Hour
**12.25** Les Fifis Farfelues
**12.35** Chris Luby
**1.10** Ben Baddoo
**1.35** Les Fifis Farfelues
**1.45** The Man With A Beard
**2.20** The Fountains of Strasberk
**2.30** Attila the Stockbroker
**3.10** Rory Motion
**3.45 John Otway**
**4.25** Paka the Incredible
**4.40** Julian Barrett
**5.15** Joolz
**5.50** Sweet Soul Sisters
**6.25** Today's Stand-Up Comedy Competition Winner
**6.45** The Dustbin Dancers
**7.00** Stephen Frost
**7.35** Roxy's Toolbox
**7.55** George Egg
**8.15** Roxy's Toolbox
**8.35** Sean Lock
**9.10** Weapons Of Sound
**9.45 Mr Methane**
**10.05** Mark Thomas

Sexy Saff from Republica: she's great, she is

**10.40** Olé
**11.00** André Vincent
**11.35** Venus
**11.50** Corky & The Juice Pigs
**12.25** Ricky Grover
**1.00** Martin Bigpig

### VARIETY TENT

Variety compères: Chris Cresswell and Dave Thompson
**10.30am** Swica (Wake-up music)
**11.20** Half-Human Video
**11.55** The Chipolatas
**12.45** Feets Per Minute
**1.05** Allessandro
**1.40** Jason Maverick
**2.00** Les Fifis Farfelues
**2.05** Fish Productions: 'Love Me Tender'
**2.50** Les Fifis Farfelues
**3.00** Poets' Hour
**4.05** No Fit State Circus: 'Treasure Island'
**5.40** Creature Feature: "A Recipe for Disaster"
**7.00** Nathaniel: "Get a Day Job!"
**8.05** Kissing the Goldfish
**8.40** DNA
**10.45** George Egg
**11.20** Instant Wit
**12.05** Jamie B McG
**12.50** Roxy's Toolbox

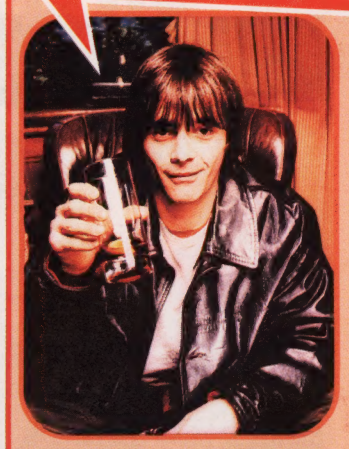
### CINEMA MARQUEE

**1.00** Secrets & Lies
**3.30** City Of Lost Children
**5.30 Withnail And I**
**7.30** Fly Away Home
**10.00** Trojan Eddie
**Midnight** Antonia's Line
**2.00** Bound

### OUTSIDE CINEMA

**10.30** Star Trek: First Contact
**12.30 Trainspotting**
**2.15** Fargo

## TODAY I WILL MOSTLY BE DOING...



### KEITH O'NEILL (CAST)

"Do you know what? I've never actually been to Glastonbury before. So for me it's going to be a totally new experience and hopefully I'm going to roll around in as many types of dogshit as I can in the first hour of getting there. Smell like a complete twat.

"We're actually getting off really quick that night so we can't make a weekend of it; I've actually been told we're getting off before we go on. Honest to God, though, I've been to loads of other festivals as a punter but never Glastonbury. Skin *[Liam Tyson]* reckons he's been 29 times! There hasn't even been that many taken place has there?

"I'm really looking forward to going naked. Is there a Naked Field? I've just got back off holiday in the Canary Islands and there were all these nudist beaches around the hotel. It was great, man.

"I'll be there, getting all me clobber off, walking around the Natural Shit Field right before the gig. Seriously, though, it's going to be really important for us, this. We've had a week of rehearsals beforehand and we'll really work on this being the best show ever. We'll be playing some new stuff and some songs off the new album we haven't played live before like 'I'm So Lonely'. Any surprise guests? I don't know... Peter Wilkinson, our bassist, it'll be a surprise if he turns up.

"Anyway after us there's Donkey *[he means Dodgy]* and Ocean Colour Gregario who are both fine and we'll be right down there before we go. Wish we could stay for the whole thing, but there you go. We'll be thinking of you."

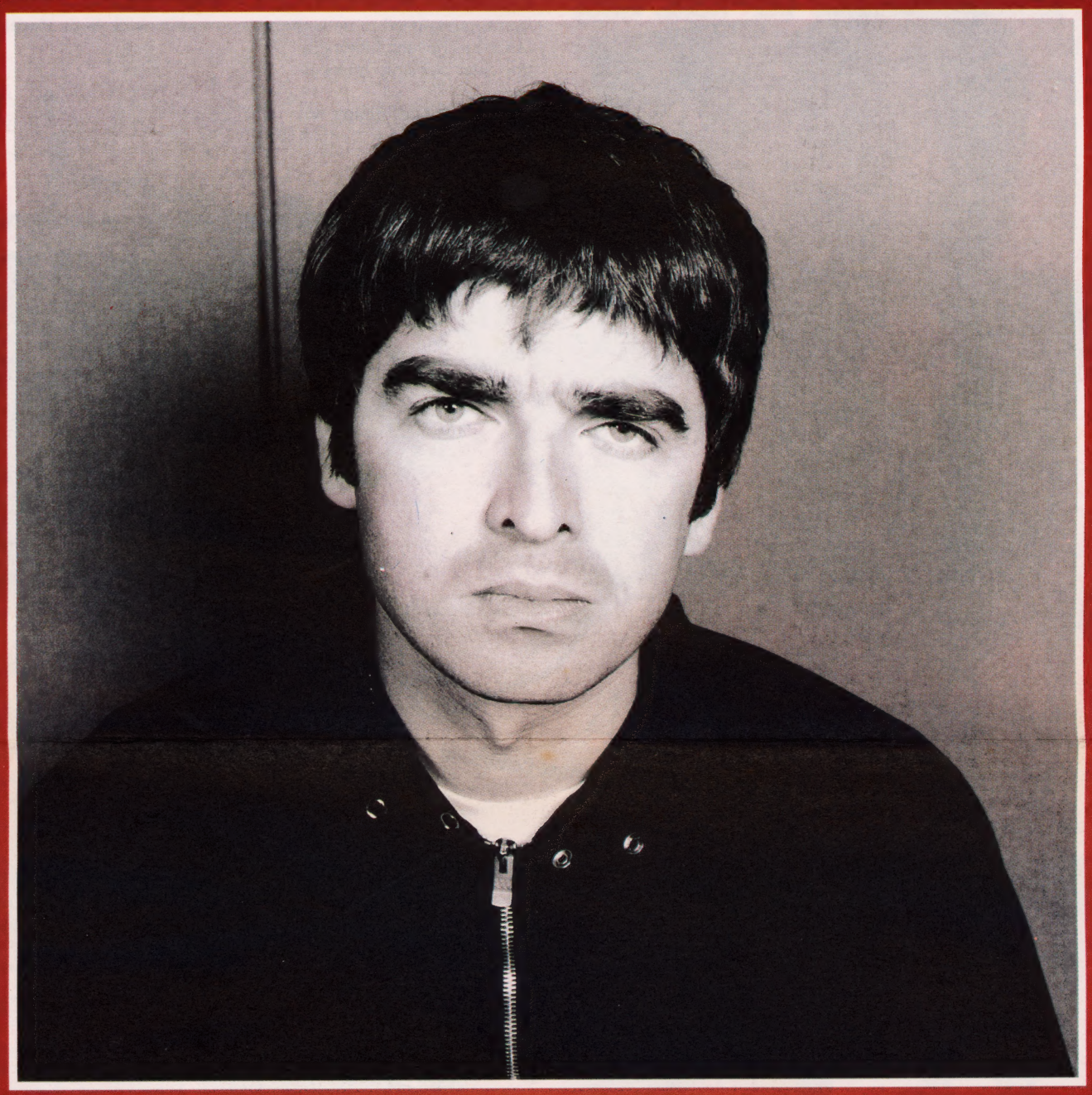
● *Cast play The Pyramid Stage 5.15pm today.*

## PART 2 KEEPING IT REAL AT GLASTONBURY WITH OL' DIRTY BASTARD

Down at the Dance Arena you can always be sure of a real spiritual buzz. And who better to speak what's troof than Ol' Dirty Bastard from the Wu-Tang Clan? Here he gauges The New Zeitgeist Of Club Culture In Fields – like a mutha!

You goin' to the Northern Soul Tent Les?
No way- I heard there's guys there who'll drug you and steal your liver for transplant in America!
"The Australasian Ambient marquee is pumping hard with Estonian DJ Maccabeus. And who's that comin' on like a 7th sense on the Pose-Podium? It's Bonehead from Oasis and Naomi Campbell, tearing it up LARGE!"
"Over at the Hypnogogic Mind Machine Couch-Tent, it's freak out panik-stations when The Godfather of Soul, Mr. James Brown checks out his Inner Spaces before a surprise live set with Plastikman!"
Whooo! Me brain-waves are all vibrating at a certain fre-quency - feel good!
Would you like a go of our head spinning broom machine aswell Sir?
©MCH 97
Mmm-mmm, give it up people, people. I say my swish motors got the best sounding alarm on the whole damn site!
Yah - I'm off to shimmy to the Ozric Tentacles wind chimes
NAH NAH NAH
NAH NAH NAH
CAR PARK
"And after the nights revelry, the Dance Tribes leave the arena to seek further out-lets for the Tireless Rhythm in their bodies. But where, ask Jamiroquai and Posh Spice, is the post curfew action?"

# Saturday's child works hard for a living



## He's written the best album of his career. And he's told us all about it

## THIS MONTH SELECT BRINGS YOU 30 PAGES OF EXCLUSIVE OASIS INTERVIEWS AND PICTURES

**PLUS!** THE ULTIMATE 16 PAGE GLASTONBURY PULLOUT AND *FREE* AERIAL VIEW POSTER OUT JULY 4

**SELECT** MAGAZINE

# IT CAN BE DONE

**A 16-hour breakdown of what you damn well oughta do down dere in dem damn fields...**

## SATURDAY

**10am** You think there's plenty of time to rouse what with Scarfo being on. But for some early morning drug referencing, shamble down to hear **Murray Lachlan Young**'s modern cautionary verse on the Pyramid Stage.

**11.15** If full recognition of what day it is/where you are/your name hasn't been achieved yet, then let **Squarepusher** provide the wake-up call in the Dance Tent.

**11.45** After such pounding abstract drum 'n' bass, you'd better get yourself up to the Healing Field. Fire, Air, Water or Earth, take your pick for the area you wish to begin co-counselling using Chi Gong. A quick knacks-out sauna later and the preparation is complete for...

**12.50** ...**Silver Sun** (Other Stage). West Coast effervescence via Camden that can only be applauded. Or motionlessly sat down to. Post this lot, haul yo' ass along to the...

**1.30** ...Green Futures Field for some proper education that doesn't involve White Lightning cider. Marvel at the live willow domes, earth shelters and other 'enchanted features for the new millennium'. Then go to the toilet as there are some right nice proper flushing ones nearby.

**2.45** Time to get back to the Other Stage to wave those 'I Love Marilyn Manson' banners at **60ft Dolls** drummer Carl Bevan and pray that his minister dad isn't around to condemn you to eternal damnation.

**3.15** Half an hour with the Dolls is enough for anyone so glide towards the Dance Tent for the last ten minutes of **Death In Vegas**. Throw down a couple of Isotonic Pureed Cranium drinks then steady yourself for...

**3.45** ...**John Otway** (Cabaret Marquee). So what if he hasn't changed his doing-irreparable-damage-to-himself act since the mid-'70s? The man provides top awkward ego-free song-assisted comedy like his only hit single, 'Really Free'. Oh, and he likes people shouting at him too. Then arch an eyebrow to **Geneva** (Other Stage, 3.45pm ) on your journey back to dour epic rockland.

**4.30** The collective pummellings of **Mekon**, **Propellerheads** plus other Big Beaters are on display in the Dance Tent for the **Wall Of Sound** experience.

**5.15** The trinity of fest-friendly guitar bands on the Pyramid Stage starts with **Cast**. Let John Power thoroughly bemuse you with his inter-song celestial musings – then if such guitar grinding gets a little too much, lie back and think of...

**5.55** ...**Stereolab** (Other Stage). It's not exactly their preferred venue (it's outside, it's light), but the 'Lab should nonetheless post-rock the field. Get such whimsy out of your system with Bristolian drum 'n' bass boys, **Reprazent** (Dance Tent, 7.15pm) with careful avoidance of preceding ambient proggers System 7.

**7.30** Although half an hour of **Dodgy** (Pyramid Stage) will have elapsed, they'll still be on for a further hour with an unknown special guest appearance, so there's plenty of time to consolidate that ecstatic aura of outdoor good-timery.

**8.30** Half an hour to spare? Feeling a little 'altered'? Five minutes on a bloody great big Ferris Wheel should sort you out (East Holts Field). Once the sky has been embraced, get back to the Pyramid Stage for...

**9.00** ...**Ocean Colour Scene**. With an expected roll-call of special guests running into double figures, the I-was-there quotient should be high. Beware the spectre of Chris Evans, guaranteed to be looming, but if he appears there's the hot cider bus only minutes away.

**9.45** After dining on such filling soul fundamentals, you want to be sweating it off so big beat it over to **The Chemical Brothers** (Other Stage). Take note of repeated rumours that Noely G will be in the area for 'Setting Sun'.

**10.05** Should such block rockin' be putting too much pressure on the cranium, get up to the Variety Tent for **Mark Thomas**. Witty observational put-downs heard, return to the main stages for a problematic choice.

**10.45** Double dilemma nightmare scenario with both **Radiohead** and **Primal Scream** on at the same time. No solution is available at time of press but if it becomes too distressing then exorcise the tension by assuming a white-eyed trance state through metronomic striking of the **Great Gong Of Peace** (Avalon Field).

**12am** Providing you're still of this earth, have a fleeting glance at **Kula Shaker** (Other Stage) before searing the retinas at the Fireshow (Glebelands).

**2.00** More meandering is in order with particular attention paid to **Dub Henge**, whatever that is. The inevitability of inducing unnecessary bowel trouble by tormenting yourself on a human gyroscope should also be given into as well as tapping the healing potential within the struggle of male/female courtship (Green Field). And don't worry about the inability to locate your tent – mantras provide the path to the inner location of rest. Either that or the Krishna Army will have you...

Your stumble about the festival site brought to you in conjunction with Smirnoff Mule, the ginger prince of beverages!

SMIRNOFF MULE



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Seen the giant dragon in the Green Field yet? Cheers!